

in THE CITY

25_P



THE **REZILLOS**
TRB
MAGAZINE

DOLPHIN

#6

PATRIK FITZGERALD

JAW-ING

Sorry it took so long coming but we figured it was worth waiting for? Included in this issue is a lot about the 'fab' Rezillo's, a group that we ignored for too long, seems we made up for it though? Also the long awaited 'Dolphin' interview plus Patrick Fitzgerald and NO! Pete (at Small Wonder), you can't have your E.P. back 'cos we like it too much!

So 'till the next time -- See ya!
Lotsaluv 'n' stuff

Frank 'n' Pete.

p.s. Hmmm, with the burning down of the Anti-Nazi Leagues headquarters, it looks like the 'Winter Of '79' is coming sooner than expected!

ULTRAVOX! - WARNING.

Not much to tell you this time, except they're recording their third album which should contain some really interesting tracks, e.g. 'Wearing Someone Else's Clothes Again', 'Slowmotion', 'Blue Light', 'Listen To The Music The Machine Makes' and 'Can't Stay Long', which sound even better than anything else they've recorded!

Only other warning!

WATCH OUT WARDOUR ST?

WATCH OUT READING?

ULTRAVOX! WILL BE BACK!

WE'RE ON YOUR SIDE DEPT:

Latest list of badges we've blagged for you are:

STEEL PULSE + GEN X (45& Billy Idol) + REZILLO'S + PENETRATION + BUZZCOCKS + X.T.C. + ULTRAVOX! (a few 'my sex') + plus a few MOTORS and TRB. Don't forget to send a S.A.E. and let us know what badges you want! Still some Ultravox! and Automatics posters left (Large SAE for these). But it's a first come first serve situation. New in! Stranglers+999 + Ian Go.

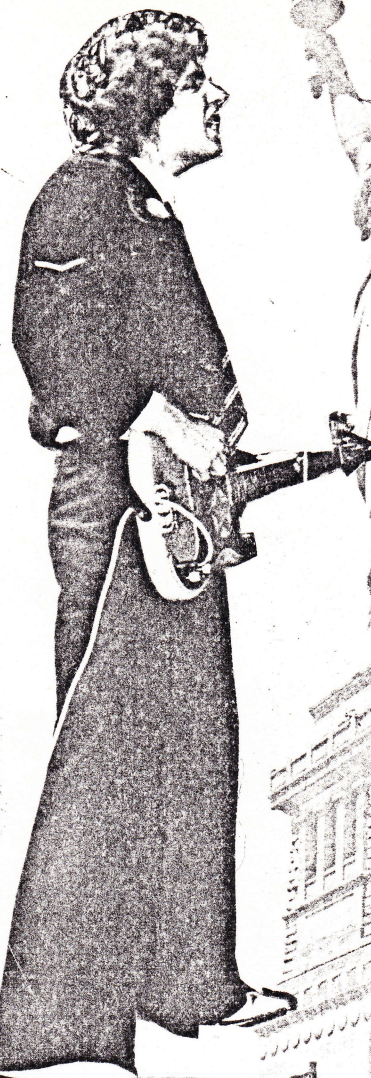
p.s. DON'T BUY 'EM, WHEN YOU CAN GET THEM FREE!!!

SKUNKS

Pete Townshend's (Who?) new discovery Skunks. debut single on Eel Pie records out now. For gigs contact John Boyle on 01-679-5538.

In The City, c/o Compendium Books, 234, Camden High Street, London, NW1.

RIGHT ON?



TRB
IN THE
USA

TOM ROBINSON BAND / BOTTOM LINE JUNE '78.

The Tom Robinson Band's next hit will be entitled "Glad To Be In New York." For that was Tom Robinson's sentiment towards the reception the TRB received from the notoriously lead-assed New York City audience.

"Welcome to your new home!" a fan shouted, encapsulating the mood. **CONTINUED ON PAGE 6**

YOU'RE ON OUR SIDE DEPT?

Seems we got to teach some of you lot how to fill a postal order in! It's very simple, you just copy the one below word for word. Put F.DRAKE on it, nothing else - honest!! Seriously, though, we're getting so many postal orders filled in wrongly we're getting a little tired of explaining to our (friendly?) post office, how honest and genuine they really are!

NOT NEGOTIABLE
BRITISH POSTAL ORDER

Pay to the Post Office
PAY **F DRAKE**
THIRTY PENCE
AT (Post Office)
Within six months from first day of month of issue
RECEIVED
Signature

30p

POSTAGE STAMPS
One or two
may be put here up to the
value of 45p





THE REZILLOS

I don't know how many managed to get into the Marquee this evening but the 'oven' was really full up with all types of creatures waiting to be heated up by the sounds of The Rezillos.

It was the first time I had actually seen them but the atmosphere of the crowd showed that at least three quarters (if not more) had seen the band before.

When the support group (The Mekons) had finished their set, the crowd were already roaring to go and GO they did. The Rezillos took the stage by storm. As the roaring applause from the crowd faded away, the guitars and

Drums from the Rezillos thundered through the heat, tee-shirts and cheesecloth's started to stick to sweating bodies as The Rezillos and the crowd rocked together. 'Destination Venus' was the first number with Fay Fife and Eugene moving about the stage like a couple of automated zombies. Fay, with arms outstretched, wriggled her fingers as if mixing ingredients for a cake baking competition and Eugene was grasping the microphone as if he was strangling the neck of a chicken.....

+ DESTINATION VENUS +

Will the world believe they've seen us
If we close the miles between us
In between us

There is nothing for it
We just got to leave this orbit
Where we really can't ignore it
Can't ignore it

Destination Venus
My heart was never slow
Destination Venus
Where you are I'll always go
I hear your voice on the radio

There is nothing for it
We just got to leave this orbit
Where we really can't ignore it
Can't ignore it

All the unbelievers
In the world will soon believe us
When we close the miles between us
In between us

.....The Rezillos had already won the crowd over. The few beer glasses and empty cans that were thrown in the intro' have now been



pic:Pete Gilbert



pic: Pete Gilbert

replaced by showers of spit sprays, it looks like both sides are going to enjoy the gig this evening.

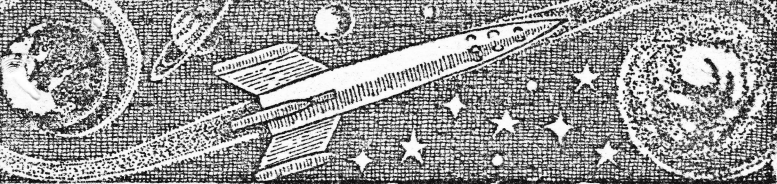
Other numbers were relayed through the amps and into our ear drums at break neck speed including: 'Flying Saucer Attack', 'No', 'Head Kicked In', 'Cold Wars', 'Brand New Cadillac' and 'Terry'. I was very impressed with the Rezillos version of this 'oldie' from the 60's and surprised at how well they put it over. The song tells the story of a girl and her boyfriend, Terry. They have a bust-up and he roars off into the night on his motorbike with the girl crying after him "Don't do it". But he does "Do it!" and his motorbike crashes, killing him and leaving her in an emotional state. Eugene mimes the part of Terry and Fay the emotional girl friend. The song is sung by Fay as Eugene crawls and rolls all over the place. John Callis (Luke Warm), who writes most of the lyrics and tunes by the way, is on his knees playing guitar and crying his eyes out. I think the band can be summed up in this number. All three, that's Fay Fife, Eugene and John Callis are very extrovert on stage with Angel and Simon keeping well into the background.

Amidst all this visual attraction on stage it's amazing how the music comes over loud and clear. Although during some of the numbers, I found it a little difficult to concentrate on both at the same time. The Rezillos have the ability to entertain and even without their unusual romping on stage, I feel sure they would still draw the crowd by their high-energy rock music. A water pistol is squirted into the crowd by Eugene who shouts "Are any of you lot hot", he then points the red plastic pistol to his own head and squirt-squirt-squirts in time with the music -- Fay with dancing fingers and probing eyes almost hypnotises those in the front row, who are now imitating her strange movements -- John Callis is involved in a spitting match with some guy who has managed to meet him nose-to-nose. It was spit-for-spat, and when John runs out of sufficient spit, he

reaches for Eugene's water pistol, points it to the crowd and pulls the trigger until it runs dry. It all seems so bizarre but the Rezillos really do have to be seen to be believed -- Spontaneous re-action using each opportunity as it comes -- And turning each re-action from



pic: Pete Gilbert



the crowd into further action by the band -- And so the gig progresses. The songs are churned out one after the other, including: 'Moving Right Along Now', 'Top Of The Pops', 'Getting Me Down', 'It Gets Me', '2000 A.D.', 'Cha Cha Cha Pagoza', 'Twist & Shout' & 'Don't You Just Know It'.

Some of the songs are sung by Fay others by Eugene and the remainder by both. All the songs are backed by a steady but powerful rythm section, courtesy of Angel on drums and 'new-boy' Simon on bass, resulting in one top rate band.

Towards the end of the gig, (What!! We've only just got going?) the energy really heats up the 'oven' and the crowd certainly want to be part of the Rezillos, literally!! The stage is raided by the mass of excited bodies. It's all hands on deck as the crowd surge forward, and the Rezillos move into:

(MY BABY DOES) GOOD SCULPTURES

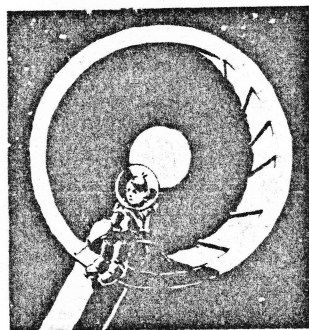
She don't care
For one night stands.
And naughty boys
With sweaty hands
She got a thing
About carving wood
Or shaping a figure
From a lump of wood

Don't love my baby
For her pouting lips
Don't love my baby
For her curvy hips
I love my baby
'Cos she does good sculptures yeah

Her fingernails
Rouge talens fonce
They cut my skin
More than once
She is a thing
Made of solid love
She shape my body
Like a lump of mud

She is cool
In her studio
E-I-Addi
Add-EE-O
She Killa Dilla
She cut it smooth
Always looking
Like she never loose

I love my baby
'Cos she does good sculptures yeah
I love my baby
'Cos she does good sculptures
I love my baby
'Cos she does good sculptures
I love my baby
'Cos she does good sculptures yeah 5



pic: Pete Gilbert

it's impossible to get the kids to retreat. And so it ends, the Rezillos leave the stage and the crowd are already chanting More! More! More! even before the band have reached the dressing room door. The crowd are asked to move back a number of times before the Rezillos are able to return with the demanded encore. They oblige with 'I Need You', 'Can't Stand My



pic: Pete Gilbert

Baby' and this really is the end? ----More! More! More! chant the crowd, hands clapping, feet stamping and lips whistling, can the Rezillos refuse? ----- Impossible! They love it as much as the crowd -- Back they come onto the stage, (both the mass of kids and the band!) What energy! What excitement! What fun! What a band! What a night! -- Encore number 2 includes



'Glad All Over' and another 'oldie' from the sixties is given the special Rezillos treatment, -- And during the singing of the number -- Fay Fife dives head-first into the crowd! Bob Last, their manager, saves her from disappearing completely from view, grabbing her by the ankles -- It really MUST end now -- And it does with the Rezillos very own cover of the "William Tell" overture. Everyone is utterley exhausted, Fay Fife's face is flushed and hot, Eugene is puffing and blowing like mad and the rest of the crew look like sweat-pits.

What a night! What a band!

The Rezillos!

Undiluted rock!

Who said they were no good musically?

Where's my water pistol?

PETER GILBERT.



..... T.R.B. (CONTINUED)

Robinson, dressed in jeans, white sneakers, and a short sleeved, military surplus shirt with the TRB logo stencilled on the back, looked years younger than what his photos had led on.

This young man, with the sandy-blond hair, and the light blue bass, has an immense stage presence.

No late-breaking crooner, Tom Robinson snarled and spit his words at the microphone.

"Don't Take No For An Answer", he admonished us. We weren't about to. Just ask the bed-hungry Bottom Line staff. The audience got the TRB out for two encores -- even after the goodbye lights had been turned on.

The entire show was one joyous rock'n'roll ride. Bulbs flashed, fists pumped the air. By the end, nearly everyone was on his or her feet.

The high-performance "Grey Cortina", and the "Motorway" she laps up, were met with soaring enthusiasm. So was "Mar'in", the sing along. The rules were: "First people who are not rock critics show the audience how to do it. And then those who consider themselves music critics do it". The response was loud and clear in both instances.

"Winter Of '79", which isn't, yet, a blackened period on American calendars, was the TRB's most powerful statement. The music itself is evocative. It is a kathartically chilling anthem further augmented by Robinson's from-the-gut vocals.

The reggae rhythm "Power In The Darkness" gave an effete British conservative spokesman voice, courtesy of Tom Robinson:

"I see casually dressed young women", he said behind a Groucho nose and glasses. "Hmmm, I smell a homosexual".

Other songs included "Long 'ot Summer", "Right On Sister", drummer Brian Taylor's "Too Good To Be True" and "Glad To Be Gay".

Mentor-in-name Ray Davies had advised Tom Robinson to keep people guessing about his sexual preference. Davies had suggested that an enigmatic pose would keep an audience interested.

Unlike the well respected man, Tom Robinson does not tease his audience. He need not look towards ambiguity for charm.

Guitarist Danny Kustow was all over the stage. Whether he remembers or not, he downed bottles of Beck's Beer in enormous gulps. Leaning against a pillar, he slid down the length of it catching himself at the last moment. He ambled to the edge of the stage. Leaning precariously towards the audience, he leered and sneered at male and female alike. Aside from this sometimes looming

presence, Kustow is a no-frills, energetic guitar man.

In the course of the evening, Robinson introduced his brand new keyboard-man, Nick Plytas. Plytas has only been with the band a few weeks. He's signed no contract, but feels he will become a permanent member of the TRB.

The encore gave us a chance to see 'Dolphin' Taylor who had been hidden away, hard at work, behind his drum kit all the while. At the front of the stage, the 'Dolphin' put on Robinson's bass. He picked out a tune, and half-sang a little poem over it. Suddenly, he beat a hasty retreat behind his tom-toms.

Robinson told a story about some unwelcome visitors, and about finding his guitarist posing and playing in front of the bathroom mirror, over "Waiting For My Man". Then Robinson bettered the looming Kustow. He leaned over the front of the stage, zombie-eyed and fell onto the audience. His fans caught him. It was convincing. A couple of roadies began carrying him off stage.

I'm sure there was a shadow of bewilderment in everyone's mind: is this a calculated part of the show? But quicker than you can say "I'm all right Jack", Tom Robinson was up front bringing the set to its 2-4-6-8 sizzling close.

"The Kids Are Alright"! someone shouted.

"They sure are", Robinson responded.

And so are you, Tom. We hope to see the TRB again soon.

By Cathy Nemeth, frequent contributor to the prestigious New York Rocker.

(Thanx Cathy, you're all right too!) ITC.

FLYING SAUCER ATTACK!

TOP
PUNK
POPS

There's a threat approaching from the stars.
All the horrors from Venus and Mars.
Everybody better be on guard,
When the Flying Saucers land.

Watch the skies above the horizon.
For the spies who have no flies on.
When they appear through the stratosphere
You'd better lock yourself inside.

ATTACK!

TOP OF THE POPS

Hold tight - now were on our own
Cue light - now its ready to roll
Tonight - how I waited for
aggravated for years

Its fun - Oh I can't wait
Hold on - Do I look up to date
Your on - I'll do anything
Thats the right thing to see

Does it matter what is shown
Just as long as everyone knows
What is selling - What to buy
The stock market for your hi-fi

Take the Money - Leave the Box
Everybody's on top of the pops

Theres one - born every day
Sing song - then fede away
Ding Dong - whats the future in
the pop music industry

Alright - so you make the grade
Holdtight - to the buck you made
Just wait - you been rated for
constipated peak viewing time

Does it matter how it goes
Just as long as everyone knows
Whats in fashion what is seen
On the front of a television screen

© JOHN CALLIS.

2000 AD

Flying Saucer Attack
I'm never coming back
Oh Oh Oh until its over.

© JOHN CALLIS.

COLD WARS
The footsteps echo through
A shady Avenue
The checkpoint makes no stand
I'm in Iron curtain land

Chorus:
Cold Wars have cooled me down
Kept my ear to the ground
Cold Cold Coming your way
Cold Colder Every way
Cold Wars Are here to stay

The darkness grew and grew
As I reached the rendezvous
I trade my suitcase there
For a taste of Western air

Chorus:
A footprint in the snow
Leads to where I must go
Cold Cold etc....

The satellites of doom
Orbit beyond the moon
The comrades and the free
Now face redundancy

© JOHN CALLIS.

I wanted to see
If 2000 AD
Was ever in place
For someone like me
I look at the future
For a paperback culture
I think there was more
In 1964.

Its easy to see
That 2000 AD
Will never appear
A reality
Its a slap in the face
For the human race
Just to survive
To be eaten alive.

In 2000 AD
I'm happy to be
Where everythings new
And nothing is free
I live in the future
With the paperback culture
I came through the door
From 1964.

© JOHN CALLIS.

THE
DAILY GLOBE

COLD WARS

have cooled me down

Graphic: Frank Drake.

MAGAZINE -- REAL LIFE.

The band with the man you can't touch.

"So this is Real Life,
You're telling me".

You can't touch him but maybe, just maybe, he
can touch you!.

Magazine's debut L.P. is nothing short of
incredible. After one superb single, courtesy
of 'Shot By Both Sides' and one slightly diss-
appointing one, in 'Touch And Go', Magazine
finally take the plunge into the reality stud-
ios and come up with this:

"Definitive Gaze" is mostly an instrumental
with such effective keyboards and synthesisers
it seems to dance around in your head, opening
new doors that were previously blocked, discov-
ering different passages to your mind with
incredible ease. There's obviously so much ex-
perimenting going on here.

"My Tulsa" is the track where Devoto tells us:

"You can touch yourself anytime"
and where he slightly excels himself
for the chorus:

"I Wanna See You,

Don't you wanna see me".

This leads into the unforgettable 'Shot By Both
Sides' (a slightly different but much clearer
version) and seeing as you've all got that (or
should have!) I'll move onto.....

"Recoil", where a lot of emphasis is put on the
drums of Martin Jackson and where Magazine
speed up and nearly overtake themselves.
A track where they're, as I mentioned before,
'experimenting' (I hope!).

"Burst" ends the first side of the L.P. and is
very ordinary and subdued, compared with the
rest of the tracks.

"Motorcade", opens the far superior side. It has
a real aura of menace to it, you can picture a
motorcade slowly moving past the crowds but
there's no noise - an unforeseen enemy in the
heart of the crowd. A heart beats fast, finds
the figure of a president in his view finder -
a finger tightens:

"Into the null and void he shoots,
The man at the centre of the motorcade
Has learned to tie his boots".

Lyricaly, Howard Devoto has never been lost
for words, in fact it was the lyrics to 'Spiral
Scratch' which first impressed me about the
Buzzcocks. The type of lyrics he writes are
ones you can read into, lyrics that leave scope
for your imagination. Again the heraldic key-
boards of Dave Formula, enhance the whole song.
Its tempo changes all the time. The longest
track on the L.P. (5mins.54secs) is never bor-
ing.

"The Great Beautician In The Sky" Wins the 'Best
title-of-the-week-award. Opens very convention-
ally with Devoto singing as if he's had too
much to drink, very slow and slurred but begins
to show some originality about half way through.
Another track which twists and turns in all di-
rections searching for an exit and finding one
all of a sudden.

MAGAZINE



"The Light Pours Out Of Me", starts off with
just drums, which are joined with the steady
throbbing of Barry Adamson's bass and then
comes a chance to appreciate John McGeoch's
guitar, which is stunning and unique, through
the entire album. And lest we forget the voc-
als, Devoto's voice cuts through with:

"Time flies, time crawls,
Like an insect up and down the walls
...Yer, he can be insensitive too...
It jerks out of me,
Like blood!
In the slime,
Heart beats up love
The light pours out of me".

So you tell us Howard.....So you tell us!

Before I forget, T.L.P.O.O.M. was co-written
by Devoto, McGeoch and Shelley, (for all you
factophiles).

So this brings us to the last track:

"Parade" Which is probably the most melodic
song on the album, (and my favourite). It
fades in with some sensitive piano playing
from Dave Formula and has John McGeoch lend-
ing a hand with his saxophone.

It also shows Devoto singing(?) at his best,
with weird and wonderful lyrics to match!

"They will show me what I want to see
We will watch, without grief
We stay one step ahead of relief
You tell me, we've been praying
For a bright and better hell!
I think we've been forced to our knees
Ohh, I can tell
Sometimes I forget that
We're supposed to be in love
Sometimes I forget my position
It's so hot in here
What are they trying to hatch
We, must not fail
We must watch
Now that I'm out of touch with anger
Now I've nothing to live up to
I don't know when to stop joking
When I stop, I hope I am with you"

And that's where it all ends! One very fine
album that you should hear at least once!

I don't know how well Magazine get on with
each other as people but with their individ-
ual talents combined, Magazine are a force
to be reckoned with!

FRANCIS DRAKE.

there was a young fella called **DOLPHIN**

TRB

.....So we finally catch up with the slippery one, (3 issues later) and discover that his real name is BRIAN TAYLOR (What do you mean you already know that!) He comes from a middle-class (Yuk!) background with parents that are civil servants, who live near Heathrow Airport (Cowley) where he spent most of his younger days-- He actually had a grammar school education??? Brian left home at the tender age of 16 and joined London Transport for a few weeks! Then worked for the Law Society as a solicitors clerk (???) for about seven months ---Then he joined a cabaret band (called Dragons Playground) as a drummer earning £20-00 a week -- Moved from Tooting to Clapton E5, where we questioned him on his further movements and asked him how he got involved with the TOM ROBINSON BAND? "Well...Tom and Danny had got together,y'see Tom wanted to form this band, so he left Cafe Society and went on a rage doing his own shows, a little set he did,called 'Cruisin' -- He went round the gay bars and did a few gigs and he knew the then manager of the Hope'n'Anchor who later became the manager of 'The Buccaneers',an' he said to the geezer, "How about giving me a couple of gigs"--So the bloke said alright, so he got these gigs and he decided he'd better form a band to play them -- What he did before then was to use pick-up musicians, which he sometimes borrowed from Cafe Society. So he had this set of gigs up until Christmas and he thought he'd better seriously form a band rather than use pick-up musicians that weren't really into it,and didn't wanna hang around anyway. So Tom phoned up Danny, who had been at Finchden with him before, and said "How you doing, why don't you come up and have a blow?" So Danny came up and that was when I met him.....and you know Colin Bell?

NO!

"Well he had this little flat in Mill Street,and what happened was, Tom and Danny put this ad in Melody Maker saying that: BAND playing Golden Lion/Nashville sort of gigs, Ready to form! Which was the sort of gigs I wanted to get into. It was a real big long advert I remember it well and right at the bottom it said 'NO BREAD'...."



".....and like, I went on to the next ad 'cos I was totally broke....and you can just imagine I'd been on the dole for three months and they'd been threatening to cut me off... and so what happened was, there was this old bass player who had left before I had from 'Dragons Playground' who phoned me up and said "I'm going down to see this bloke called Tom Robinson from 'Cafe Society' and although I'd never heard of him or them it sounded really impressive so he said "My cars broke down,can you give me a lift" and I knew there was a catch to it cos this guy was a real slimey geezer anyway --

So I said No! and he said "I'll pay for the petrol" and I said, "Ah, alright", and I took him down there and it just turned out that Tom needed a drummer too.He'd already been through a lot of people by the time we got there and they'd all been real drab hippies or freaks or something and I, like walked in, sat down and told Tom that I thought 'Long Hot Summer' stank! but I was quite interested in 'Glad to be Gay' which was the two songs that we played."



pic:Pete Gilbert



DOLPHIN

WHY WAS YOU IMPRESSED WITH 'GLAD TO BE GAY'?

"I don't know what impressed me about it, I think it impressed me more musically than it did lyrically."

DID YOU KNOW AT THE TIME THAT TOM WAS GAY?

"I didn't know until.....Oh, yeah, I did know, I knew before I went there that he was gay".



DID THAT PUT YOU OFF AT ALL?

"No, not at all, I mean the guy that phoned me up said "By the way he's gay" just as an afterthought, y'know -- not that it really matters.....No, it didn't put me off".

"I went down there and we had a few jokes and a cup of tea - Beans on toast, made by Colin, which were bloody horrible!(laughs)You see there was these two guys in there, who he was talking to before, another bass player and drummer and I'd overheard him (Tom) say to them, "Well we've got two lists of five at the moment, and we're gonna try out the first five tomorrow and you're on the second five, so we'll let you know after the first five are done". At the end of my session with Tom he said "Well, you can be the first one tomorrow" and I said "What about the two lists" he said "Oh, that was just bullshit!, to get rid of the first guy".

And that did strike me as being real cunning.

It's then that I thought, there's more to him than meets the eye, because when he played those two songs to me, he said "This isn't the sort of thing that we'll be doing", and I replied "Well why did you play them to me then" (hoots of laughter). "Play me something you are doing" I said, Tom added "Uh, well.....we ain't got nothing down on tape", "Ain't you written anything then?" I asked, so Tom said "Well....Yeah" and he picked up this accoustic guitar and played 'Up Against The Wall' and 'Up Against The Wall' played on an accoustic guitar sounds very strange - I can tell you!

I CAN'T IMAGINE IT!

"Well actually at the time I thought it was great, but thinking back....perhaps it weren't. And Tom sat there rather embarrassed and perplexed in front of me singing with an accoustic guitar. Anyway, I went down for the audition the next day and we played for four hours, like I was gonna have an hour, but the next three drummers never turned up, so we just played and played and played, and towards the end of it, I must admit, I was getting pretty bored 'cos he only had about half a dozen numbers and we were doing the same half a dozen over and over again."

NUMBERS LIKE WHAT?

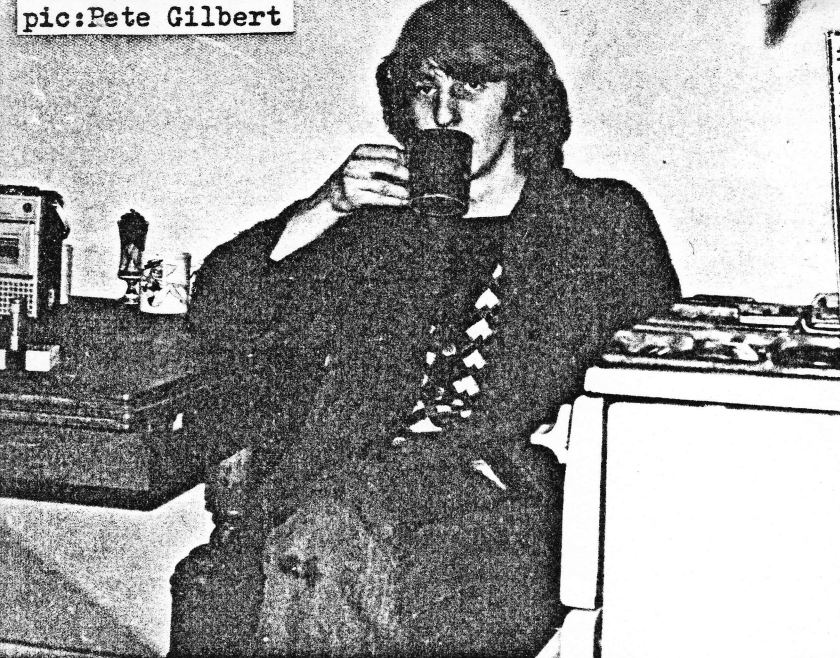
"Ehhh.....We did 'Long Hot Summer', 'Glad to be Gay', 'Up Against The Wall' and 'Walking the Dog' was an old number we used to do, 'Tired of Waiting', all those sorts of songs, and Danny played me 'Martin', I don't know if you ever saw us in the early days but, 'Martin' just used to be guitar and vocals, it didn't have piano 'cos that was before we even had Mark with us....."

".....But after the audition Tom said, "Well, we'll let you know" and I got a phone call from Colin the next day, saying "Well Tom's not really sure at the moment, but he's got this gig at the 'Golden Lion' next wednesday, do you want to come down and do it?". I said, "well yeah but I'll have to have a couple of days rehearsal...", so he said "Yeah, that's fine". So we did those rehearsals at the Royal Court Theatre in Sloane Square, they had a little garage round the back which they let us have for nothing - We went out and did the gig and afterwards Tom said, "Alright, you get the job".

DID YOU EVER WORK IN A DOLPHINARIUM?

"No, I never have worked in a Dolphinarium, that's a lie..... A total lie".





HOW DID THE NAME 'DOLPHIN' STICK THEN?"

"Well, we did a gig in Brighton, and everybody knows there's a big dolphinarium on Brighton beach and we got down there about 2 o'clock, (like these were the days when we were humping our own gear) and we had this gig in The Buccaneer in Brighton, which is exactly opposite the Dolphinarium".

"It was about 2 o'clock and nobody showed up and we were sitting there twiddlin' our thumbs waiting to get the gear in, and so Mark said he was going off to dig some crabs up - So off he toddled - Tom went to look at the gay bars and me and Danny went to the Dolphinarium. Like, we went to the amusement arcades and that sort of thing first, then we decided to pop into the Dolphinarium, to fill some time."

"It was just incredible!.....I got talking to this guy that trains the Dolphins," and I said "Can I chuck a few fish their way", it was just, like, the matinee show so there was hardly any people there and he gets me into these rubber shoes, ('cos you're not allowed to go anywhere near the pool if you're not wearing these rubber soled shoes). So I got into them even though they were about six sizes too big for me - He was like, enormous, this guy, really friendly though - and 'eh, he says to me, "When I hold the hoop up, you hold a fish behind it!" - and I stood on this little board, which was about a foot square, with this geezer, right in the middle of this enormous pool.....and a Dolphin jumps up through the hoop, grabs this fish right out of my hand.....and from then on it was just like a fantasy, come true!

The Dolphin

+INTERVIEW+

by Francis Drake & Peter Gilbert.

it's all rather drab Daphne isn't it a bind, old George has gone and shot himself and left his cash behind.
his wife though was not that perturbed, his sons, they didn't mind,
the padre thought it quite absurd tho' he called George very kind.

chorus:

isn't it spiffing and simply divine
we're all going to be stinking rich!

it started on the fifth after
pitching from a rut
for a thousand pounds to draw his club
and missed a two foot put,
his caddie he was full of grief
his partner full of glee
and with his tee shot on the sixth
rebounded off a tree.

chorus:

George threw a party at the Palais de Ritz
people full of beer and cheese and biscuits,
the man from the ministry was letting it rip
he bounced a boiled egg sandwich on the end of his hip
oh yeah the party was really in the swing
but it all went wrong when George started doing his thing.

chorus:

alas poor George he is no more
from us he's to depart,
he's finally put his putter down
and taken up the harp
no longer will he call out FORE
with his handicap of eight
'cause he's left his golf clubs right outside
that great big pearly gate.

chorus:

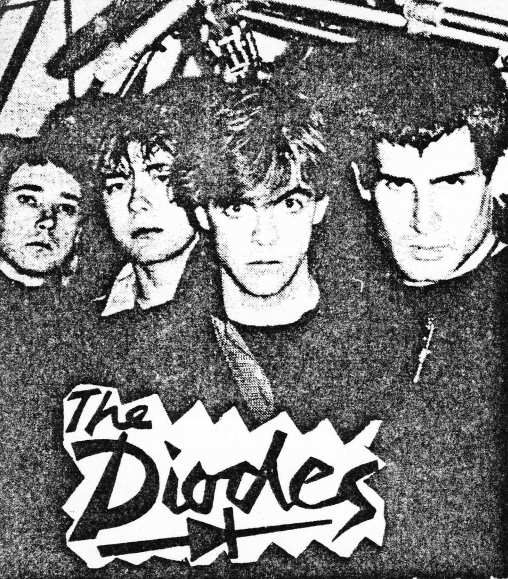
**DONT LET
IT HAPPEN!**



DRAWING BY D.C.



pic:Pete Gilbert



"SINGLES" by GRAHAM NEWSON

free moments. A four track maxi single with titles that range from the sublime to the pseudo-poetic. Nothing like The Lurkers.

TONIGHT -MONEY THATS YOUR PROBLEM/NO SYMPATHY.

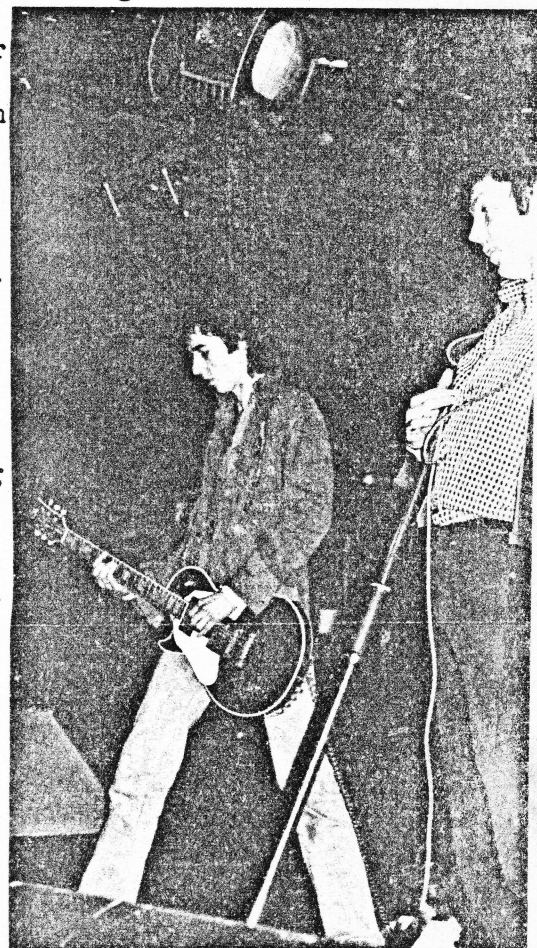
A melting pot of prissy pop styles including Sailor's keyboard tinkling and Sparks angular pop music which is trite and affected when brandished with such indiscriminate abuse. Never a hit and nothing like The Lurkers.

yet convincingly studied in both form and content and in its own way quite special. Nothing like The Lurkers though the B-side is nothing like them either and its tumbling joie de vivre could make it quite memorable to anyone who buys the single and listens to both sides.

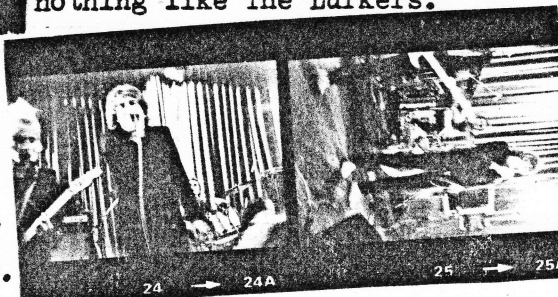
THE LURKERS - AINT GOT A CLUE.

Ah The Lurkers. The title says it all. Incredibly naive, that doesn't mean basic just NAIVE. If punk died then its alive and well and living in Fulham suffering from radioactive fallout and resurrected in every two minute spurt of boredom The Lurkers call their repertoire. The drumming's arthritic, the guitar's arthritic, in fact the whole thing is a bit on the arthritic side. I like the word arthritic because it's more interesting and even more intelligent than The Lurkers. Single of the week, no month, no, this is the single that made music what it is.

Nothing like THE LURKERS.



The Lurkers- Nothing like Graham Newson!



STEEL PULSE- KU KLUX KLAN.

Cheerful, colourful British flavoured reggae with the onus on good-time good-humoured dance protest as opposed to the languid platitudes extolling the virtues of Ja and his soggy roots dragging all and sundry into a choking lifeless dirge. I'd rate this as single of the month but my opinion won't thrust it into megastar status so I'll say that it's throbbing bass sparring with elemental clipped guitar, floating organ and tin-can drumming. Lot of light and shade (sounds like bloody wallpaper) and worth purchasing if only to say "this single isn't like The Lurkers"

THE NORMAL - WARM LEATHERETTE/T.V.O.D.

Psychotic, computerised electronics for the "car crashset" Amazing for its sheer unmusical monotony. The synthetic minimalism makes Devo sound like Shirley Bassey. Everyone must hear this single or pretend that cerebral damage is a medical term and not The Normal. p.s. Nothing like The Lurkers.

IAN GOMM - COME ON/DARKEST NIGHT.

Nifty little version of Chuck Berry's institutionalised song. Clean shaven rendition, with sparse Gomm-music echoing from its keyboard edged foundations. Sort of plucky art school dropout music for people living in semi-detached suburban bliss. Clever

This edition's motley batch will hardly disrupt western civilisation but that's never put the brakes on the record industry before so...

THE DIODES - RED RUBBER BALL/WE'RE RIPPED.

Flabby cover version of the Paul Simon penned ditty, flavoured with superficial flash and garnished with highschool danceband ambiance courtesy of the Canadian "we always get our man" band The Diodes. A bouncy, tinny song flecked with perfunctory heavy metal which pushes it into realms of another unobtrusive lunge at commercial success. All in all quite harmless but nothing like The Lurkers.

JOHNNY THUNDERS -DEAD OR ALIVE/DOWNTOWN.

Dead? Alive? How about a protracted case of rigor mortis. Cult status collapses with a deafening crash as the needle trails its way through this orthodox mire of congealed mid-tempo rock music. Bland, banal and about as memorable as a bout of dysentery. Nothing like The Lurkers.

SKOOSHNY- IT HIDES MORE THAN IT TELLS/CAKEWALK/CEILING TO THE LIES/ODD PIECE IN THE PUZZLE.

Twee Simon and Garfunkle New York art chic meets the Talking Heads in a style not far removed from latter day Beatles. Whether the group consider their surrealistic tinted name to lend credibility is not certain but the music has been done before and mostly better in uncluttered and pretentious

So he walks on with his guitar, and you hear mindless shouts of 'Dylan rip-off!' from the bar. (How do they know? He hasn't been here for ten years.) There is usually enough quiet, though, to hear what the man has to say/sing/chant: words are his medium. And the verbal picture he paints is depressing, a city where the back-street boys lurk to catch us unawares, where the bosses divide us socially and racially, making us work-rest-play-by-numbers. A world without tenderness with no quarter, just the aggression and antagonism of 'Banging and Shouting'. Anything original or unusual must be dosed with media-antiseptic, like the poem says, to 'Make it Safe'. You can get your punk at Woolworths, bondage pants £12 a pair, sold next to the mohair cardigans. It's different, might be dangerous, so laugh at it or turn it into something nice, like those punk cuts you can get at the hairdressers' which you can re-style for the office or the boyfriend. Nobody is upset. We must all be uniform.

Fitzgerald, however, is no prophet of doom whining in the wilderness. He offers two means of relief; humour and action. He depicts various kinds of easily recognisable mindlessness;

the trendies waiting for their motherhood, the spiteful bickering of the Bingo Crowd ('Cos all I wanna know is eyes-down/ and leave my brains at home'), and, lest our elitism make us smug, 'Chains Instead of Brains', a song for 'thick punks'. There is self-deprecatory humour, too, in 'Hello, I'm a Regect', and a song for hangers-on; 'When I Get Famous'.

But more than just wit, there is action. Lewisham will happen again and again 'till we get rid of the bastards and wipe them off the face of the earth'. The system, carefully fixed to give us plenty of work, adequate rest and the sort of play suitable for plebs, might not work after all; 'It might just be too late'. Fitzgerald is angry but ready to do something rather than knock his knuckles into a wall.

People criticise him for being a solo singer without a band.

How long will he last? Will he ever headline a gig or is he doomed to play support? All this seems irrelevant. It doesn't matter whether his name is top, bottom or dead-centre on the poster, as long as it's there.

Patrick Fitzgerald has something to say worth hearing, and an original way of saying it.



PATRICK FITZGERALD

RICH KIDS

MARCHING MEN/HERE COMES THE NICE.

Just can't see what the Rich Kids have to offer, its even worse than their first single, in fact its the most monotonous piece of vinyl I've ever made my ears sit through and to make things worse the ending drags on and on and on and on.....Zzzzzzzzz

AUTOMATICS - WHEN THE TANKS ROLL OVER POLAND AGAIN/WATCH HER NOW.

I managed to save this from a review worse than death by snatching this away from Graham Newson, although I'm not sure I should have. Compared to the Rich Kids this sounds invigorating but likewise suffers from being too repetitive. Nice sirens at the end though!

PATRICK FITZGERALD - BACKSTREET BOYS E.P.

"See me, feel me, nothing but the real me" — Buy me, sell me. I remember reading a leaflet some time ago which read; "For all those Dylan fans that could n't get in, come and see Patrick Fitzgerald ... FREE. Which I thought was great and for what it's worth, Patrick Fitzgerald HAS street credibility, which adds up to absolutely nothing if it wasn't for his music, which in one word, is 'Brilliant' - Another 4 tracks to play side-to-side along with 'Safety Pin Stuck In My Heart' - Don't miss out, buy them both.

JET BRONX - ROCK'N' ROLL ROMANCE/ON THE WALL.

The sort of stuff the charts should be made of! This is good and they don't take themselves too seriously

FRUIT EATING BEARS - CHEVY HEAVY/FIFTIES COWBOY.

The biggest load of crap Vic Maile ever produced!

PAULINE →

TIGHTS - BAD HEARTS/IT/CRACKED.

They come from Worcester, (hardly their fault) and they're against punks for their conformist attitude. The A-side of their debut single doesn't impress me but the B-side tracks do! For such young musicians (16,17,18, and 18) they display a lot of talent and the only thing I find wrong is the fact that they take themselves too seriously.

MARTIN+THE BROWNSHIRTS - TAXI DRIVER/BORING.

The B-side says it all!

Penetration

FIRING SQUAD/NEVERr.

Easy to see why Pauline has been labled the best up 'n' coming female vocalist, she's got an incredibly beautiful voice. Powerful yet never strained and the music, a steady overflow of bass and drums with some pretty virile guitar play.



The only thing that grates me is that the music is in danger of being lost. It wants to be pushed more to the forefront on the records!

ELTON MOTTELO - JET BOY JET GIRL/POGO POGO.

I wonder why it is that the tune of this is almost identical to that of 'Ca Plane Pour Moi' and that both records have the same B-side seemingly sung by the same voice, hmmm! The tune to this is slightly more powerful to that of CPPM and the words are in English and are drastically different: "Jet boy, Jet girl,

I'm gonna take you 'round the world,
Jet boy, I'm gonna make and penetrate,
I'm gonna make you be a girl". Blatantly homosexual but, vicious and crude.

Buy it at your own risk!

ESSENTIAL LOGIC
AEROSOL BURNS/WORLD FRICTION.

Blimey, a bit of freedom seems to have gone to Loras head. The vocal part sounds awful, un-organised, careless and just plain stupid but the instrumental part is amazing!

DESTROY ALL MONSTERS - BORED/ YOU'RE GONNA DIE.

Some very heavy guitar work is present here but it sounds messy. The lyrics also are too often repeated, more on the Detroit side of rock (MC5, stooges etc) than anything over here. Never have liked this kind of stuff and I don't like this either!

CANE(3x3)- DICE/D.K.DANCE/ SUBURBAN GUERRILA.

This shows how drastically Cane have improved since the track on the 'Streets' L.P. They've even allowed melody to creep in. Their next single should be really interesting.

BUZZCOCKS - I DON'T MIND/ AUTO-NOMY.

This came just after we took the last mag to print so it's really old by now. But it's still one of the best singles. Even Radio 1 played it!

CAN'T STAND THE REZILLOS

GET THE SET!



FLYING SAUCER ATTACK



NO



SOMEBODY'S GONNA GET THEIR HEAD KICKED IN TONIGHT



TOP OF THE POPS



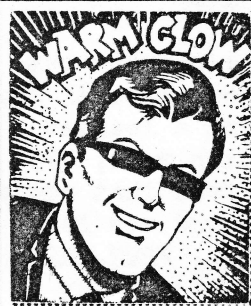
2000 A.D.



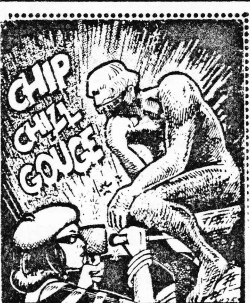
IT GETS ME



I CAN'T STAND MY BABY



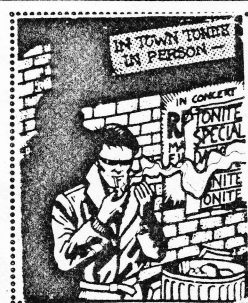
GLAD ALL OVER



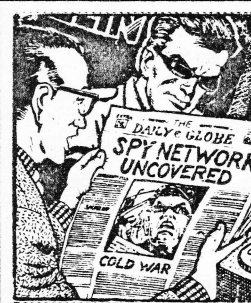
(MY BABY DOES) GOOD SCULPTURES



I LIKE IT



GETTING ME DOWN



COLD WARS

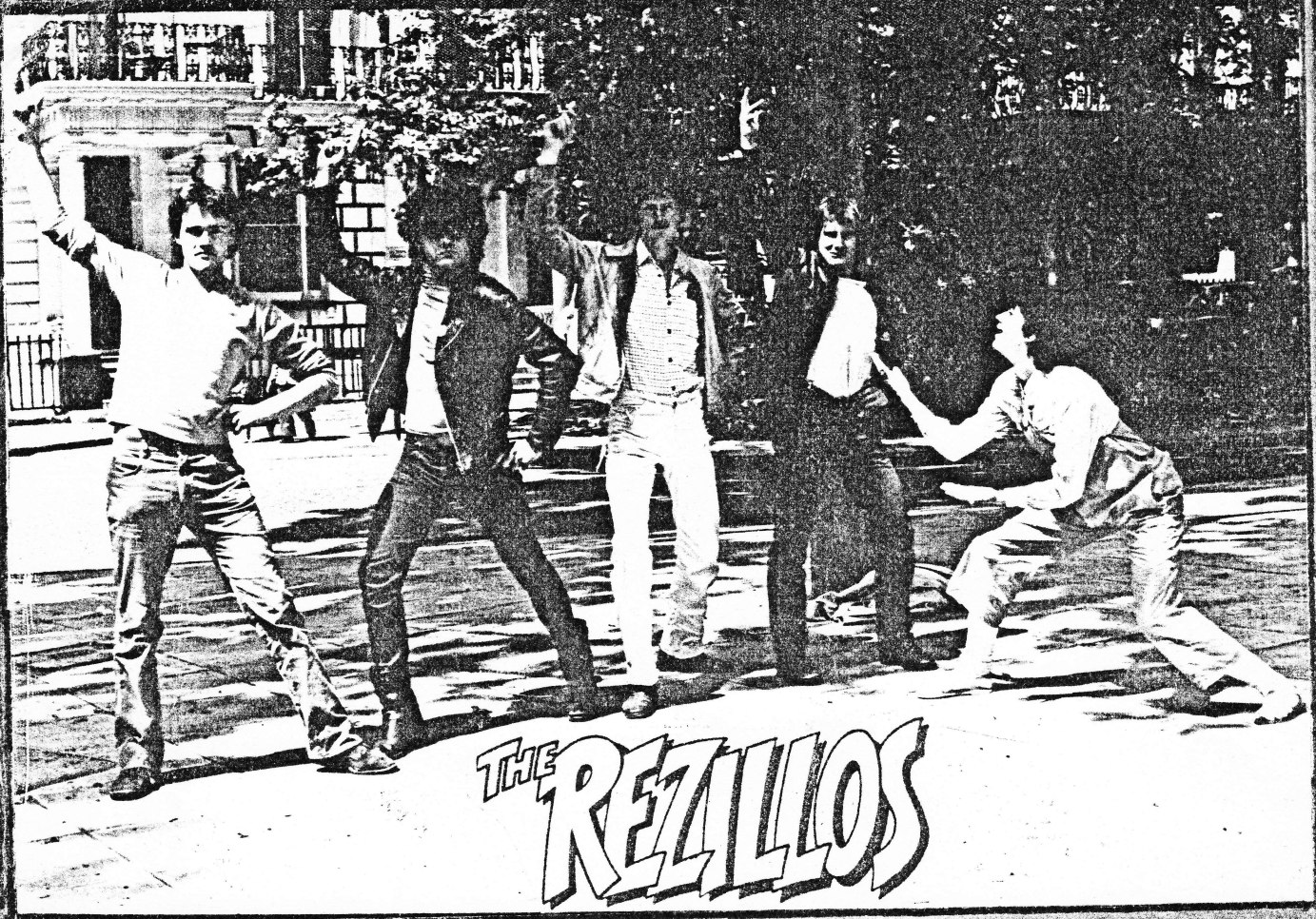
CARDS TO
COLLECT & SWOP
WITH YOUR
FRIENDS!



BAD GUY REACTION

13
Cuts
REZILLOS





THE REZILLOS

pic: Pete Gilbert.

The day after the Marquee gig, still suffering from the after-effects of the night before. We armed ourselves with a note-pad and tape recorder and made our way to Paddington to chat to the Rezillo's in their hotel room. They were as disorganised as our questions but the result (or at least part of it) is printed below!

WHO ACTUALLY FORMED THE BAND?

Eugene: "Me and John(luke Warm) I suppose 'cos we'd played together before. We had an idea of what we wanted to do. We invented the name, then we told everybody that we wanted in the group, what the name was and they said "Oh, Yeah -- We think we know what you mean".

HOW MANY WERE IN THE ORIGINAL LINE-UP?

Fay: "Eh, eight, but once or twice there was actually nine! but eight was the usual most amount".

WHEN DID YOU FIRST FORM AS 'THE REZILLO'S'?

John: "Nearly two years ago....."
Fay: "...It was at least two years ago, that was before we started gigging though".

DO YOU THINK THE BAND WOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED WITHOUT THE EFFECTS OF THE 'NEW-WAVE'?

Fay: "Well, we happened as a product of things that were happening at the time when the 'new-wave' started. Like, the situation that was in the music at that time and it was these things that caused us to happen. It was the same thing that caused other new-wave groups to happen -- So although we didn't happen because of the

'new-wave', I don't think we would have happened at any other time because we were a product of circumstances".

SO YOU TOO WERE BORED WITH THE MUSIC SCENE AT THAT TIME?

Fay: "Yeah, the same as other groups, the only difference was that we were up in Scotland".

IS THERE ANYBODY THAT YOU CONSIDER AN ASSET TO THE SCENE?

John: "Bo Blast" (Bob Last - their manager - -Get it?)

Fay: "I don't really know. I think everyone in the group has their own personal likes and dislikes".

John: "Tom Robinson!" (mockingly)
At this comment the band laugh helplessly!
Fay: "Not Tom Robinson".

YOU ALL SEEM TO DISLIKE TOM ROBINSON?

Eugene: "Personally, I wouldn't push political things to serve my own ends in the rock business....."

John: "But you're presuming that Tom Robinson is doing that..."

Eugene: "Well, as I was saying, thats my opinion".

Fay: "I don't have anything against people singing about politics, it's just that when I look at Tom Robinson.....There's just something about him that grates me about him, he just doesn't come over as being sincere to me. Maybe he is sincere but to me, he comes over as not being sincere".



DO YOU THINK THE REZILLO'S HAVE GOT ANYTHING TO GET ACROSS BESIDES JUST WANTING EVERYBODY TO HAVE A GOOD TIME?

John: "Well, there's a message in our new single....."

Angel: "It's a lot to do with what people make of it themselves -- Not so much as what we positively give out".

SO THE REZILLO'S ARE MEANT PURELY TO ENTERTAIN?

Fay: "Not necessarily!".

Eugene: "The thing is, when you're talking about the 'Rezillo's' you're talking about a bunch of five people, all with different ideas"

BUT AS A GROUP, THE REZILLO'S EXIST TO ENTERTAIN?

Fay: "Yeah, but we're also saying something. We're saying, like, other groups might point out horrible things that are going on. But the way we point things out, is like, how ridiculous some things are. Just ordinary things that you can just laugh about! Good things as well. Instead of just bad things all the time".

Eugene: "It would be very easy to take the band as being slight, which it isn't. I mean, everybody in the band does think about things...."

ONSTAGE, THE REZILLO'S COME OVER AS BEING, LIKE, 3D CHARACTERS - VIVID AND ALMOST SURREAL?

Fay: "We don't think of ourselves as being surreal, we think of ourselves as just re-acting to being on stage...., I mean, being on a stage in front of all these folk, is a really unreal situation to be in! So you've got to react to it".

John: "....It's kinda like an alter-ego situation or being a larger than life edition of yourself. I suppose everything has to be exaggerated to some extent".

Fay: "It's not really acting something out, though, it's more like, just being an exaggerated part of yourself....."

John: "It is acting in a way, not like acting out a fantasy, but it is, maybe, acting out a role of something. Which is obviously a part of yourself anyway".

IF YOU'RE TOO REAL ON STAGE, IS THERE ANY POINT IN GOING TO SEE YOU? AFTER ALL WE CAN GO OUT INTO THE STREET AND SEE REAL PEOPLE ANY TIME?

Fay: "Ahh, but we're more real!".

Eugene: "We are real people on stage but the whole situation of being on stage with coloured lights, is an ultra-over-real, surreal situation and you just become part of it, and for me, the Rezillo's just charges me up -- You just get lifted up, which is why we go on stage -- It does something to you - When you get up there and you can't stop it! Do you know, when you're off and you can't play a gig for a few days/weeks or something, you think, Oh God, I want to do that again and you do it again and it kinda alters you. It's like being drunk!".

Fay: "You feel different from what you do

normally"

(talking to Fay)

YOU WERE QUOTED IN ANOTHER FANZINE AS BEING A 'TOUCH OF GLAMOUR' TO THE REZILLO'S.....?

Fay: "I was".

YEAH!, BUT YOU RE-ACTED AGAINST THAT. YOU DON'T LIKE BEING DESCRIBED AS 'A TOUCH OF GLAMOUR', DO YOU?

Fay: "Well, No!, Not just when somebody says, 'I am the bit of glamour in the group', I mean, I do sing.....Or at least, I do try to sing. I know I leap about and act stupid but.....".

Angel: "But she wants to be accepted as a serious musician".

(Roars of laughter!!)



Fay: ".....But I did find that an insult".

THERE SEEMS TO BE A SORT OF ON-STAGE CONFLICT BETWEEN EUGENE AND FAY. E.G. AT THE MARQUEE, FAY SHOUTED "SHUT UP EUGENE!" WAS THAT AN ACT?

Eugene: "What it is, it's like a typical situation. We go through a set and as I say, you get charged-up and you keep going and if there is this big long gap in everything, you feel like everything's falling out of you".

Eugene continued.....

.....And Bob said to me "For God sake, tell them to get back, 'cos there's people getting squashed in the front!"

So they were pushing everyone back. But Fay didn't hear all this and she thought that

ONCE IN EVERY FOUR OR FIVE YEARS COMES AN ALBUM THAT DEFIES CATEGORISATION, AN ALBUM SO SPECIAL IT RANKS ALONGSIDE THE BAND'S 'MUSIC FROM BIG PINK', VAN MORRISON'S 'ASTRAL WEEKS' OR MILES DAVIS' 'BITCHES BREW' AS A MILESTONE IN CONTEMPORARY MUSIC.

IJAHMAN'S FIRST ALBUM 'HAILE I HYMN' IS SUCH AN ALBUM, A JOYOUS SYMPHONY THAT WILL ENRICH THE SPIRIT. HEAR IT ONCE AND LIVE WITH IT FOREVER.



ILPS 9521 PRODUCED BY IJAHMAN



everything was okay and I said "Please get back" and she was wanting to get on with the next number, so she was obviously falling, like I was telling you, coming down again and she shouted "Shut up Eugene!", as if to say, get on with it, let's do another song..... But she did not realise that I'd been asked to tell the crowd to get back!

Fay: "And anyway it was just that I felt like shouting at the time....I did, I just wanted to shout".

Eugene: "We're always telling each other to shut up!".

(Talking to Fay)

SOMETIMES YOU END UP IN THE AUDIENCE?

Fay: "Yeah, I'd feel really disappointed if at the end of a set, I didn't get pulled off the stage".

DO YOU LOOK FORWARD TO GOING HEAD-FIRST INTO THE CROWD?

Fay: "Yeah, I do".

John: "It's almost like a suicidal tendency or a kamikaze tendency, just to jump into the people".

Fay: "If you do manage to work them up that much, you just know you've got to go all the way. You just feel you've got to go the whole way and actually join them".

John: "It just feels like anything is communication and I think it's really good to have some things, beer and that, (not heavy things tho) thrown at you..."

I NOTICED YOUR SPITTING MATCH WITH SOMEONE?

John: "Yeah".

THAT WAS GOOD BUT WHO WON?

John: "Well, they inevitably win because when you try to give what you get, I mean there's always more of them".

BUT YOU HAD A WATER PISTOL TO FINISH THEM OFF DIDN'T YOU?

John: "Yeah, I pinched the water pistol from Eugene but the trouble is you've got to stop playing guitar to use the water pistol!".

YOU PLAY A LOT OF 60's NUMBERS WHICH WOULD SEEM TO EXPLAIN YOUR INFLUENCES AND ROOTS?

John: "Yeah, I'd say our roots are pretty well implanted originally from....."

EARLY KINKS PERHAPS?

John: "....Well, I'd say it went back even further than that, I mean it's quite into the rock 'n' roll thing - That's quite a strong influence".

Fay: "I'd say we were a mixture of everything".

YOU WOULDN'T ACTUALLY RECORD THE OLD NUMBERS THOUGH, WOULD YOU?

Fay: "Old songs, Yeah we would! We've recorded three for the album. A lot of groups seem to look down on you for doing old songs, but we don't feel that way". We love doing them!!

DO YOU THINK THE AUDIENCE UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU ARE DOING?

Angel: "Well, some of them do".

John: "I don't think we ever thought to ourselves, "Ohh, I wonder if people will understand this". I don't suppose it really occurred to us whether they would understand or not".

Angel: "I mean, you don't want people to completely mis-understand what you're doing".

John: "We used to do gigs when we first started in Scotland and people would come up to us afterwards, (like the other band that had been on the bill or whatever) and they would think this was just what we did for a laugh in our spare time, and that we really played some sort of serious music. They thought we'd just go up and arse around for an hour or so, just purely making up all the stuff on the spur of the moment!".

When the laughter died down, John continued....

....."And then you get other people who would come up and say "Oh, crikey, there's a real lot of work in that, it must have taken you hours/years to rehearse".

Angel: "It makes you realise that you can't come across as the same thing to everyone".

Eugene: "I mean even in the band we all see things differently".

Angel: "Everyone's a product of their own experience".

Eugene: "Oh yeah maaan" (more laughter.....)





pic: Carl Heideken.

The Rezillo's - as they were?

ONE THING I ALMOST FORGOT, ARE YOU ALL FROM SCOTLAND?

Fay: "Dumfermline" Eugene: "Braintree, Essex"
 Angel: "Edinburgh" Simon: "Durham"
 John: "Scotland"(?) We're all based in Scotland".

ONE LAST QUESTION, WHAT PAST-TIMES OR HOBBIES DO YOU HAVE OTHER THAN WRITING/REHEARSING/PLAYING ETC...?

John: "Ohh, I've just got so many hobbies".

YOU COLLECT COMICS DON'T YOU?

John: "Well yeah, I collect a lot of things, like toys and old Eagle annuals and anything to do with science fiction".

Fay: "I don't really know what my hobby is?"

Eugene: "She quite likes breaking things".

Fay: "Yeah, I quite enjoy breaking things".

(Roars of laughter from the rest of the band)

Fay: "And.....ehh?"

Eugene: "....And writing limericks".

Fay: "Oh yeah, writing limericks as well".

GO ON THEN LET'S HEAR ONE?

Fay: "No! I'd rather not tell you them".

NOT EVEN ONE?

John: "No, I don't think we'll go into them".

Eugene: "Give them the one about Sounds".

GO ON GIVE'IN THE CITY'AN EXCLUSIVE?

(From here on John Callis takes over, in his famous 'Horace Grimshaw' voice)

"Hello pop-pickers, this is Horace Grimshaw here with your 'Winner Limerick Competition', and today's winner has come from mister John Callis of Rotherham, Yorkshire...Thanks for the letter John and in the current idiom, here is his limerick....right....cop this pop-pickers:

There was a newspaper called 'Sounds'
 Of total punk it expounds
 They said that the Clash
 Were just having a bash
 But the Sex Pistols earnt 'undred pounds.

Fay: "That's it! That's it!"
 (the rest of the band give a loud applause)

RIGHT EUGENE, WHAT'S YOUR HOBBIE?

Eugene: "Buggerin' about on motorbikes and bubble cars".
 (Looking at Simon who hasn't said a word yet)

WHAT'S YOUR HOBBIE?

Simon: "No, it's really too disgusting, you don't want to hear about it!"
 (Everyone bursts out laughing at this remark)

Fay: (pointing at someone - we're not sure who?)...."His hobby is shooting people with water-pistols".

John: "We won't tell you what his hobby is".
 (and throws a pornographic book into Angel's lap". (Angel - ??)

THE REZILLOS

THIS INTERVIEW THE FAULT OF FRANK DRAKE & PETE GILBERT



Prodigal



"Return to the land where you came from. The land of your forefather.
Approaching the gates with your two long hands. Reaching out for clean water..."

"PRODIGAL SON"

The single from the forthcoming album "Handsworth Revolution."



ISLAND

Produced by Karl Pitterson WIP 6449